

VOLUME 44......NO. 18,292.

FOURTH OF JULY SUGGESTION. Even as Memorial Day-instituted as a solemn anniversary for the decorating of heroes' graves-has come to be mainly observed as the opening of the summer brand of athletic and excursion season, so has the Fourth grown into a day whereon unlimited noise may shake the skies and when the Outing rules the land.

This is, to some extent, as it should be. The anniversary of independence's birth calls for all the rejoicing the many churches of Brooklyn is planned by the Church of the Transfigto express. But must the smoke of the cannon cracker uration, which will erect a new building and the dust stirred up by the picnic wagon wholly blot soon as a memorial to the late Bishop out the patriotic purpose of the holiday?

ticu that opens the Fourth's ceremonies in country peare attended. The pastor of the towns. And even in such villages it has now become enecomary to spend \$10 on the orator and \$200 on the time at 8 ratford endeavoring to secure Browerks. But surely the holy cause to which our an- the desired plans for the new structure. centors pleaged "lives, fortunes and sacred honor" calls for at least a small share of consideration in the pauses well-dressed was a man who entered a between athletic events and fireworks explosions. Must it call in vain?

THE OPEN FLAT WINDOW.

In winter not one flat-dweller in ten knows who piled the stranger. "But why do you lives on the other side of the airshaft. For aught he can tell the houses on either side of him may be vacant. pew?" rejoined the first speaker. Old Sol, however, by opening every flat window, has changed all this. Thousands of Gothamites to-day can city." I am J. M. Jones, of New York give expert testimony as to the number of times per J. M. Jones looks enough like Dr. week or bage or onions grace the neighbors' boards, and Depew to be himself, or at least his thry know also just how many new songs the soprano across the street has mastered this week and what progress the little girl with pigtails, on the floor below, face or I must," Mr. Jones has said. has made in mastering the scale of C.

A stranger, happening into an uptown flat on one of these warm evenings, would swear he had discovered like to tell how he won a bet of \$50. the traditional "Land of Song." A score of pianos, all discoursing different airs; a half-baked cornetist, a friends of mine," he would say, "and in piccolo expert, c. "non to scordar di-me tenor," a glee a field close to the house where we club and the perennial lady with a cultivated voice may kept us awake with his braying a be guaranteed to infest at least every alternate block. | good part of the night. My friends, do

While summer and music go naturally hand in hand, so do night and glumber. Yet many a concert lasts until after midnight and is objurgated by a hundred sleepless about donkeys. They abound, you neighbors. The piano that jangles close to ay open know, in Posen, the country where I window later than 10 o'clock on a hot night becomes more or less of a nuisance. After 11 it is a scourge. A animal's noise, so that to-night he won't little consideration on the part of amateur musicians in the matter of regulating the hours of their performance would win the gratitude of every one.

LIFE'S NEW JOY.

Disease was robbed of half its terrors when pretty what was due, and they examined the young women elbowed frowsy old women out of the profession of nursing. Pain vanished from cots over which, to the end of his tail. That was all. white capped and lovely, the trained graduates of the nursing schools leaned, dropping medicine on grateful lips and smoothing pillows beneath heads so full of Do you know the reason? No? Well worship they could not feel pain.

We have made another advance. We have added the have his tail elevated till it is level with his backbone. As long as it manges with his backbone. As long as it manges down he can make no sound. The heavy or advancing civilization. What joy to be mown down stone, therefore, served the purpose of by the racing red devil and be just within the borders a gag." of consciousness waiting for the clanging gong that announces the approach of Surgeon Emily Dutton! What Police Inspector, tells of a conversation bliss to feel her cool, practiced hands press our splin- he and the ex-Inspector once had: tered bones into proper places and wrap our mangled members in first-aid bandages; to hear her voice cooing diligence and industry. We commenced over us in the ambulance, asking if we are quite comfy life as poor boys. I once said to my and won't we please be good and take a sip of stimulant brother that we neither owned a shoefrom her flask!

Don't you realize the marvellous advance; how the have been when we hadn't any shoes, trolley has been cheated of its victory and the third rail Bill?" Why, unmangled men will miss a part of life. Get in line for the next explosion and test the LETTERS. curative powers of Surgeon Emily, the pioneer woman ambulance aurgeon.

THE CITY BOY'S VACATION.

School is out. For two whole months the small boy is free to roam the streets at will. Simultaneously, Apply to U. S. District Court, P .- O. artistic and literary gems, done in chalk, begin to appear on sidewalks, fences and doorsteps. Bells are rung by quickly vanishing hands. Front steps become the camping-ground for a throng of youngsters who use zen's papers. I am an Englishman by them as vantage points whence to shout impertinences at passers-by. Street noises swell by at least 25 per cent.

Now, no one with a memory of his own boyhood expects lively, normal boys to walk sedately along the street or to sit quietly at home during the long summer days. And the pleasures of the boy condemned to spend the idle months in town are pitifully circum-

But there is a wide dividing line between innocent recreation and wanton mischief. It is easy for parents girls that exists. What has a name to to teach their children not to deface property nor to do with a person's character? If she is a insult "grown-ups." There are parks scattered through every district of the city. The Bronx woods are within least. walking distance for a heathy lad. There are a dozen modes of amusement and exercise, even in a big city, to To the Editor of The Evening World: take the edge off of excessive vitality. There is no rea son why vacation season for children should be made a period of annoyance for their elders.

The fault and the remedy rest largely with parents.

TWO "NATIONAL" GAMES. Black and White, an English weekly, reproduces for the benefit of transatlantic sportsmen a half page of

American baseball snapshots. Here are the captions of and Seventh avenue? two of the photographs: "PrinceTOWN Game: The Batter About to Smash a Long Drive," and "The Catcher mping for a High Shooting-Out Curve."

How much better would an American have fared in ribing the intricacies of a game of cricket?

Yet to the Englishman cricket is more or less what baseball, Bunker Hill Monument and Plymouth Rock harness fits gasily in every part and slight accident to her machinery made it sed are to the American. It has made far more see that your horse has good shoes and advisable to return to port. So she verts here than has baseball in England. Yet except or the rumor that a single game lasts about as long as a Chinese play, how much do we Affiericans know keep a wet sponge on the head of your

While John Bull and Uncle Sam can meet on common Keep wheels well greased and thus reduced in yachting, horse racing and boxing, each is as duce the labor of drawing the load. ignorant of the intricacles, charm and ex- Never use the whip if you can help it, were within his grasp. of the other's favorite national pastime as is it will thus be available as a last re-

TOLD ABOUT **NEW YORKERS.**

In these days of health-food names," said Dr. C. M. Hawes at the Democratic Club last night, 'let me call your attention to a jawbreaking marriage notice which will probably follow the recently announced engagement of a New York girl. The will be headed 'Erxp-Pfizer. What a glerious title for the newest 'shredded sawdust!' When Miss Alice Pfizer accepted Baron von Erxp I doubt if she realized what a sneezelike sound the pronunciation of their combined names would produce."

A novelty in the continual additions to Littlejohn. An effort will be made to have the church exactly similar to the City folk are wont to sneer at the spread-eagle ora- one at Stratford-on-Avon, which Shakes-Church of the Transfiguration is now en route to England, and will spend some

Portly, smiling, side-whiskered and

Syracuse hotel recently.
"How are you, docto-?" said a prominent Syracusan to the stranger. "Are you in Syracuse to make an address?" "An address: why no, I am not," re-

call me doctor?" "Aren't you Dr. Chauncey M. De-

twin brother, and many are the funny episodes arising from the resemblance. "Either Dr. Depew must change his

The late Harris Cohen-the only "orig-"I was on a gunning trip with som slept a donkey pastured. This donkey what they would, could not put a stop

to his noise. "I happened to know a good deal came from. So I said to my friends: "I bet you \$60 that I can stop this bray once.'

"They took the bet, and that evening I treated the donkey for a minute or two. The result was that all night long he was as stient as the grave.

animal. They found a heavy stone tied "They could not understand why this should have kept him from braying, so I had to explain the reason to them it was this: A donkey, to bray, has to

W. H. Williams, brother of the ex-"We have both succeeded in acquiring

our share of this world's goods through string even in those days, and he answered: 'What good would a shoestring

QUESTIONS. ANSWERS.

To the Editor of The Evening World I have been here nearly twenty-one years and have never taken out citibirth, but would be glad to become an American citizen. Will you put me on the right track to get the papers?

In Defense of "Alice."

To the Editor of The Evening World: In reference to a letter in which Alice are often deceitful. I wish to say I never found such the case. I am ac quainted with an Alice whom I've found to be one of the gentlest and sweetest good, sensible, trustworthy girl, name will not affect her nature in the

t. ARDENT ADMIRER. Charles Dickens Wrote It. Who wrote the story The Cricket On the Hearth?" 43,560.

to the Editor of The Evening World:

How many square feet are there in grandfather. She sees Mrs. Worth-Courtleigh To the Editor of The Evening World: an American acre? High School Query.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Where is the nearest high school to One Hundred and Thirty-third street Wadleigh (new), One Hundred and Fourteenth and One Hundred and Fif-

teenth streets, between Seventh and

Humane Hints to Drivers.

To the Editor of The Evening World: Drivers, do not be tempted by extra pay to overload your team. See that the been expected until the morrow, but a that the shoes are well put on. In ad- limped in, and brought with her Guy Look there!" dressing the horse be always gentle. Hamilton. soothing and pleasant. In hot weather horse, and sponge the legs and furnish

SEVERAL WAYS OF ENJOYING THE FOURTH.



There's a jam of hot excursionists and jostling beach immersionists, While crowded cars and boats and teams eke out the jubilation; But the man who's dodged the riot for the rest and cool and quiet Of home has learned the secret of the ideal celebration.



Mrs. Goodsort-Do you mean to say that you've drunk all the beer there was in the pail?

There they meet when Agatha has become

The Mask Thrown Off.

N the early afternoon of the day of

Atherton's financial discomfiture the

steam yacht "Buccaneer" drew up

her dock on the East River side of the

city, and her rather tellarious human

freight disembarked and went their sev-

That gentleman was in high feather

promise of several financial princes that

Tanky Thomson-Why, yes, mum; but I'd have saved some. If I'd known you wanted it."

TRUTHFUL SLANG.

"I hear your brother who used to blow such lovely rings is "Ya-as'm. He's a dead-ringer

now."



Cholly-Yes, boiled sheen's head is my favorite dish. Maude-- I thought cannibalism had gone out of fashion.



"So you want to become my son-in-law, do you? "Yes, sir. That is, if you can afford it.'

THIS STORY BEGAN MONDAY AND ENDS TO-DAY.

By DWIGHT GILTON.

correspondent says that girls named MISS PETTICOAGS.

her patroness's nephew. Guy Hamilton, and by halfway across the room. elopes with Guy when Worth-Courtleigh learns pense. Tell me"-ing loves Agatha, but does not tell her so. Mrs. Copeland takes Agatha abroad. Harding hands from his grasp and facing him in

a sort of fury. In bewilderment he began a discongrandfather. She sees Mrs. Worth-Courtleigh nected recital of his present position and die in poverty begging pardon of her and ruins his hopes for the future. She cut thim ly.

Guy Hamilton in a stock deal.

He tried to gain some light from her "Now you are on the verge of ruin.

> cash offer for my hand?" Scarcely believing his ears, absolutely

of the world, Hamilton blundered on. "I am on the verge of a great coup in eral ways. The "Buccaneer" had not stocks," he said at last. day while you were wining and dining panny of your money again."

She threw aside a magnificent Japanese screen with a swift movement, for during the trip he had secured the paper still clinging to its maw, stood the five years. I hated you when you insultticker of the New York Stock Exchange. ed me beneath your aunt's roof. I hated

The Countess received him in the the counter of City Hall Square concerning the odds faithful and steady work. Anger and labrary with a graciousness that put to days," he said, vaguely. "What is it mother, instead of peace her features had been broken up long ago. Ralph to brought to bridge embarrassment he bought it and converted it into a

SYNOPSIS OF PRECEDING CHAPTERS. his anticipated fortune to fold her at , writhing mass out of the basket and be- "I-I surely had no share in that," he Agatha Renier, a mill girl, but of good family, once in his arms. He came in like a gan at the opening quotations. He pleaded, but she went on without heed.

seres swealthy Mrs. Copeland's life, becomes her conqueror, and she noticed the change frowned angrily at the innocent figures. scoretary, is persecuted by proffers of love from in his demeanor before he had walked "A break in United Mines," ch? friended and loved you till you proved Worse; a slump, a pounding. Who on too base for respect, increased my ha-"Ah, Agatha, dear," he cried, wildly, earth has been at us? If I had only tred. But I despised you most when you "Tell you," she echoed, tearing her enough. It's a raid on me. Can Atherten?-no, he's too thick-headed, too busi- for then you proved yourself a fool as

"Nevertheless, you are on the brink of

"But the price? You are to buy, and face, but its impassiveness baffled him. to dawn upon him. "What do you mean?" he cried, hoarse,

height of bitter sarcasm or a coid-blood-ed proposition from an ambitious woman manded: "What do you know?" "I know that every dollar you have is ocked up in 'United Mines' and the "A coup?" exclaimed the girl, con- too, that you are holding these shares temptuously. "One has been made to- on margin. Well, you will never see a

"Because I hated you," she said, bit-"I-I haven't seen the tape for two When I gazed at the picture of my dear itine same of "mort."

lot the English weekly's effort to bridge will endanger your harness, your life international ignorance be applauded rather and also your horse.

ALIJE SMALL.

ALIJE SMALL.

Industry and sudden pulling on the reins might have felt. She was a vision of beauty in her Worth gown of black lace and jet, and he would have given helf pointing to the tape. He whirled the scandalizing set." sults that, because of your unmanliness,

"Your theft from one who had be-

we'll as a knave.' He shrank, as one would shrink from

and I have done it. I contri your boost-I am to sell. I must know the terms. Then the significance of the paraphered company. I can depose you from its How much do you bid? What is your nalla of the market in this room began presidency, and make your margin-field shares your undoing if I choose. morrow the whole world shall know that unable to judge whether this were the ly. "What do you know?" He seized your attempt to make of yourself a king, was balked by a woman. Now go, you

There was no appeal, he knew, as he smaller companies forming it. I know, looked at the stern determination on her ountenance. Baffled, beaten, humiliited, he walked slowly toward the door. He quarrelled with Atherton at a ciul "For God's sake, Agatha," he whim-pered, "what-what made you do this?" broker in drunken rage, fell the length of the great marble staircase. and there, silent and with its mass of terly; "because I have hated you for picked him up mangled, crippled for the rest of his useless life.

Ralph Harding married Agatha Renier they would co-operate with him in his projected "scoop" of "United Mines" then into her face. Something he saw father went to his death, the victim of they went down to Old Chetford for the face. Something he saw father went to his death, the victim of they went down to Old Chetford for the face. stock. A fortune and a great reputation there chilled his easy confidence into a slander caused by you. My hate grew honeymoon, where, strangest of all were within his grasp. museum for the people, and her old friend Hanks was its custodian.

WHY SHE WENT HOME.

Elinor Discovers Hew Weak Is Love's Charm for a Rank Outsider.

LINOR had been maid of honor at the wedding of the Sabels, so when they had finally returned from their wed ng trip and settled in their brand-new home in Edgewater she was naturally the first guest of honor.

She reached Edgewater about 4 o'clock one aftern Percy was not due till 6, and so she and Harlott had what zeight have been a pleasant two hours if the young matron had not, between every sentence and its reply, run to the clock or to the window, or, in extreme moments, to the front door, from where she peered down the avenue toward

"Percy had a little bit of headache this morning before he went downtown," she explained, with eager detail. "It's been warm to-day and I've been so worried for fear of sunstroke. Every time I've closed my eyes I've seen him stricken down in La Salle street."

At 6 o'clock Percy walked briskly into sight. Elinor was ready to welcome him with a great and abiding joy, even though she had never quite understood why Hariott fancied him. But she was not to see Percy for some time. Hariott flew to the hall as his key grated in the latch, and there drifted back to Elinor low sounds of pure ecstasy for a long quarter of an hour. At last they opened the door slowly and, as Eknor fest, with great regret. She looked up to find Percy's arm about Hariott and Hariott's head on Percy's broad shoulder.

"Here's darling old Nell," she said, rapturously, with some of the rapture left over from that fifteen mi "Kies her, Percy, dearest. I don't mind your binsing Nell!"

The two advanced on Elinor, still wrapped in each other's embrace, and Elinor had the novel experience of being kissed by a man who held another young woman in his arms, says the Chicago News.

At dinner Elinor sat in state on one side of the table and across it watched Hariott snuggle up to Percy in imminent risk of overturning his coffee cup and preventing free arm action in carving the roast. Percy cut up Harlott's chicken for her and she dropped tumps of sugar in his coffee, because "Pudgey" was a sweet darling and too modest to put in all he deserved. Every five minutes or so they recollected their guest and cast a stray remark at her, and every half hour or so they uaged her not to mind their little ways, that by and by she would understand it.

The next morning Percy's headache still lingered and after Hariott cried he bravely gave up going downtown. There were camplion and vinegar in the air and endearments and loving lamentations and counter reassurances till at last Elinor's soul sickened within her, and she slipped, with innecessary caution against being noticed, down to a telegraph office. Half an hour later she caught Harlott,

"They have telegraphed me from home," she said, holding out the yellow slip. "Mother says it is very important. You don't mind if I go?" "Not at all, dear," said Hariott, with absent effusiveness

"You've got your hat on. Shall I say good-by now? Percy's Elinor gazed after her fleeing figure. Then she walked down to the corner and halled her car.

THE CITY LOVER'S SONG.

A mistaken country poet had a thought and wrote it down; Twas that God had made the country, but that Man had made the town.

But the product of the city is in the man that God has made-Has created in his image, strong, erect and unafraid, And although I love the country, where the dicky-birdie

sings. I'm confessing in my heart of hearts his songs are trifling things

As compared to lilting melodies-folks tramping up and The street car gongs, the whir of wheels, the noises of the

I may dream of sweet-voiced nightingales-their notes are But I want life's grander organ played with Vox Humana's

Though she smiles upon the country, and her smile is good and sweet-

Ah, the great old heart of Nature throbs in noises of the -Pittsburg Disnatch.

A SNAKE FIGHT.

"Two years ago," says a writer in the Scientific American, "it was my good fortune to witness a combat between a king snake and a water moccasin. I was attracted to the scene by a negro laborer. When I reached the spot I found the snakes coiled together in a pool of water, the king snake gripping his enemy with the tip of his tail just back of the head. It was clearly his intention to dr the moceanin. For the purpose of taking a photograph I lifted the two struggling, writhing serpents to a rock. Just before I took my photograph the king snake pulled the moccasin's head in the exact position he wished and quickly stretched his jaws over it. Thoughtlessly enough I put the snakes back into the water, thinking that the king snake would also drown. Very soon, however, he left the pool, stretched his victim straight out before him and leisurely began to swallow him. In my efforts to take another phe tograph he was frightened away. Both snakes were nearly the same size, being about three and one-half feet in length."

ON THE EVENING WORLD PEDESTAL.



ssioner Lindenthal who has preser 650-foot Campanile, including forty stories, at the

Children! Upon our Pedestal See Mister Lindenthal! He's apending every leisure hour Asking the Board to give him powe To build a forty-story tower, And wants to plant that sylvan be At the Bridge Term-i-wal.